



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

BRADLEY: HIS BOOK

Vol. I.

AUGUST, 1896.

No. 4

A SONG OF HIGH SUMMER

EUGENE R. WHITE



HERE'S a stir among the
heart-strings like a bee
within the clover—
Sound of blossoms bub-
bling over !
Chanting in melodious
rune

The orchestrated murmurs of a field ad-
vance at noon.

Catch the cadence from the corn-field,
catch the lilt that day is dancing,—
Pennoned Summer-hosts advancing
Led by August, ripe and riant ;
While the tiger-lily's trumpet sounds its
burning call defiant.

And adown through each life's garden,
through the aisles and through the arches
Jocund love, with laughing, marches.
Rich the rondure of her reign !
Fellowcraft of heart and harvest falls to
worship in her train !

UNIVERSAL LOVE OF ART AMONG THE JAPANESE ♣ R. VAN BERGEN

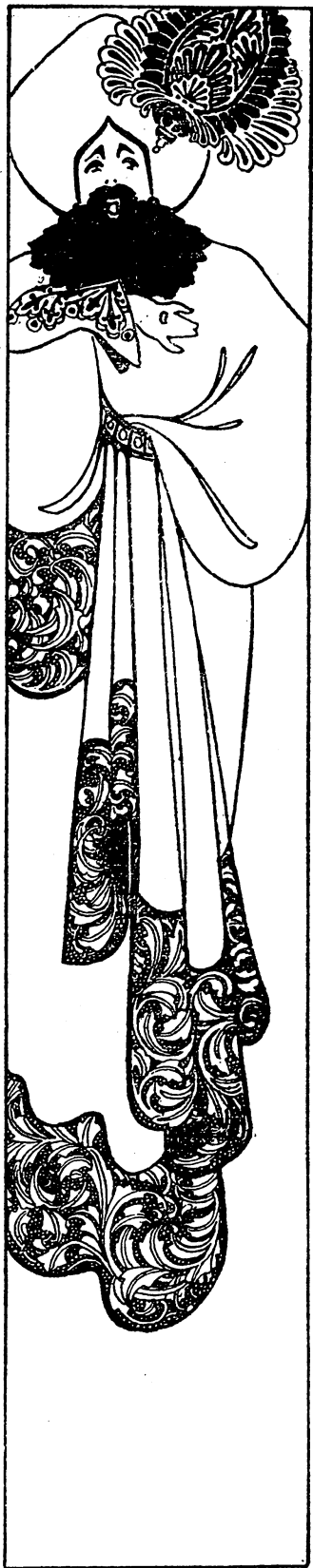


WID you ever read : *La
Mare au Diable* ? If so,
you must have been
struck with the painfully
true pen picture of the un-
ceasing toil of the French
peasantry, and you must have asked of
yourself the question : What is there in
such a life to induce a human being to
continue its existence ?

This thought has often occupied me
when passing the tillers of the soil engaged
in their daily occupation in Japan. The
sun has scarcely made its appearance on
the eastern horizon, when the peasant and
his family, females not excepted, issue
forth to their tiny fields, where every inch
of soil is made to yield to the utmost ca-
pacity. The kimono, (gown, used by

ACT 1. SCENE I. A hill outside
of the town—harbor and ships seen
through the trees in the distance. ♣
Enter townspeople singing dolefully.





both sexes,) tucked in the obi or belt, they stand frequently over their knees in the slimy water used to irrigate or flood their rice fields, eradicating every little weed with deft fingers, transplanting the fragile green stalks with careful hands, knowing no fatigue, and even happy in their frugal, it might be truthfully said penurious, life.

If the French peasant has something to look forward to in the Sunday, or Saint's day, when labor ceases and the day, after Mass has been heard, is set apart to such recreation as is best fitted to recuperate, the rest of every seventh day is unknown to the laborer of Dai Nippon. But he has other means to make his hard lot bearable. The site of his house is always selected so as to afford the best view obtainable, and his love of the beauties of Nature is a rich compensation for his restless labor to supply the gross material wants. There is no country on earth that looks more like *one* garden arranged and directed by a master artist than Dai Nippon. The hedges are kept neatly trimmed and bright-colored flowers are made to bloom among their rich green foliage. The ditches, supplying the water necessary to nurture and mature his rice-crop, are covered with the magnificent lotus leaves, and the flower, true type of the calm repose gained after a toilsome day, adds beauty to the landscape while covering the blotches made by the stagnant and muddy water.

The love of art is innate among the Japanese of all classes, and it is this love which makes a garden of Japan. Travel anywhere in the interior, and you will see that no toil has been spared to make nature subservient to their artistic impulse. Here is a rocky knoll useless for agriculture. But in every crack the seed of the hardy pine has been laid, and now the bare, ugly stones have been made to bear a beautiful copse, hiding a tiny shrine devoted to Inari, the harvest-god. Steps, rudely but picturesquely carved in these stones, lead to the torii or quaint entrance gate, where grotesque images of Kitsune (the fox) pro-

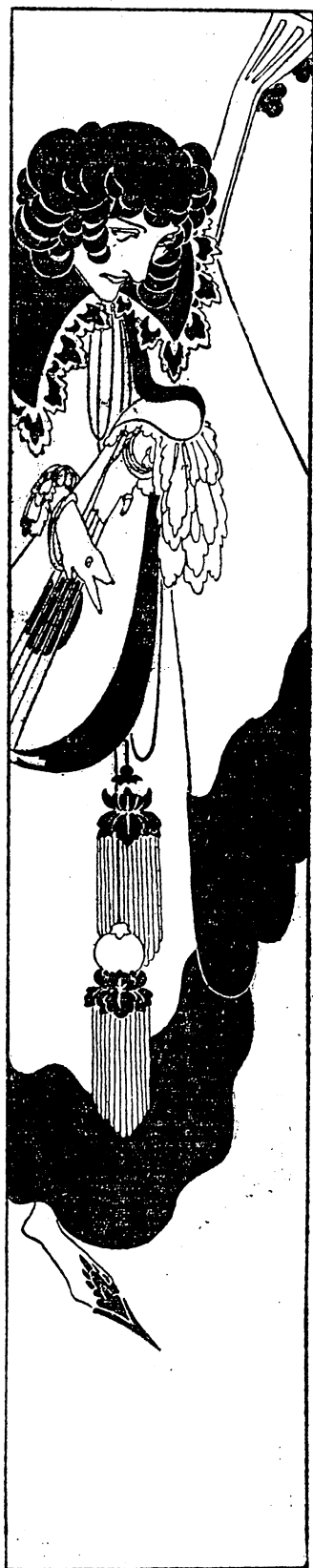
Enter Second Merchant demanding cause of their woe. *Song by townspeople in which is told the misfortunes of First Merchant—the loss of his ships, his home, etc. Second Merchant then tells of his love for Beauty, and how he is scorned. *Song, "When love goes blindly by."

pitiate the foe of the barn-yard. This is uniformly the fact throughout Japan: where the soil could not be rendered useful, it has been compelled to enhance the beauty, and the peasant finds his reward in the scenes that surround him.

The Japanese artisan dislikes to work for a foreigner, while the latter is almost always dissatisfied with his native workmen. Our mechanics work constantly during the hours of their shift; they are employed and paid to do a certain amount of work as fast as solidity will permit. His Japanese colleague will take his time. To him the work must be as perfect as his conception is able to imagine. He puts up a post in a house. In his eyes that post must have some appearance of rusticity, and he is not satisfied but some improvement may be made. So he stops work, takes out his tiny pipe and tobacco pouch, and calmly reflects upon what should be altered so as to produce his ideal. To the foreigner this appears a sad waste of time, but his Japanese employer does not consider it in that light. When he has decided, he will produce his tiny tools, make the to him necessary alterations, and proceed with his work. So long as he is granted the time to produce his ideal, he will work with loving care, exerting his utmost skill upon minutiae which the Japanese eye will perceive, appreciate, and love to dwell on, but which escape us, or seem frivolities, incompatible with what we consider the stern duties of life.

Give him all the time he requires, and the Japanese mechanic will devote his time, skill, and faithful toil upon what he has engaged to do; but he will not be hurried, and even if he does enter into stipulations as to time, they are more than likely to be disregarded. This is exasperating to us who consider time an identical part of the contract, but if the Japanese artisan is remonstrated with, he makes no attempt at an excuse, which to his mind is uncalled for. *Shikataga nai*, it could not be helped, is all the explanation he vouchsafes, and to him it is sufficient.

Enter Devil in the guise of a strolling musician. Apparently interested in tuning his instrument, he is yet an attentive listener to all that is being said.





There is no home in the cities, however humble it may be, that does not give evidence of this innate love of nature and art. The poorest jinrikisha coolie has a yard,—it may not be more than a few square feet in extent,—but that yard has a tiny pond, perhaps as large as an ordinary wash basin, a grotto made of some common rocks artistically arranged, a little bridge of the same material, and one or two dwarfed trees. After his day's work is over and his bath taken, he will sit contentedly looking at these earthly possessions, all of which taken together represent a capital by no means equal to ten dollars. As the owner grows wealthier, so his garden plot increases in extent. Iwasaki, the representative and head of the Mitsui family, reputed to be the wealthiest man in Japan, has a garden on which he has spent large sums, and which is really a marvel of horticultural art.

Whether poor or rich, the house of the Japanese is almost devoid of furniture. The site, the garden surrounding it, the wood of which it is constructed, the most minute details in the preparation and harmony of execution, count most for him. The parlor or reception room is wholly bare of furniture, the only object besides the mats which attract the eye being the kakemono, or scroll, which is often of great value on account of its antiquity. There are no *objets de luxe* scattered broadcast; if he has any, which is not unfrequently the case, he keeps them under lock and key, only to be produced on special occasions and before appreciative visitors. But he will notice the points of excellence with a quick eye, and never tires of admiring them.

It is in the details of home life that his love of art appears. His means to satisfy the grosser wants of nature are frugal and inexpensive. His rice, bits of fish, with vegetables and soyu or sauce, all liberally washed down with tea, satisfy his appetite. But the tiny plates, bowls and cups are, and must be, adequate to his means. Above it all reigns supreme an exquisite

Enter Three Sisters displaying many beautiful gifts. Song in which is told how they have appropriated the gifts intended for Beauty.

cleanliness ; the chop sticks, taking the place of our knives and forks, must be new, and to show that they have never been used, they are brought in before they are wholly split.

There are two occasions in the year when the Japanese of all classes, rich or poor, are apt to take a holiday. It is in the early Spring, when the cherry and plum trees are in blossom, or in the Fall, when the maple leaf begins to color. In both seasons the parks are thronged with picnic parties, and young and old rejoice in the beauties of nature. Poets delight in celebrating the variegated colors, and allow their fancy to run riot in exalting the loveliness of their beloved country.

It is impossible to deny that this inborn love of art and beauty exerts a most potent influence upon refinement as seen in the universal politeness of the Japanese. It is true that to us this civility is mere skin deep ; that it is superficial and must not be confounded with the hearty good-will which people of our race are apt to evince when moved by a friendly spirit. But it does enable the poorest of the Japanese toilers to endure his lot with equanimity it not with complacency ; and it induces the rich to continue a life of frugality, offenseless to his less favored brethren. Above all, it encourages the individual to exert himself to the utmost in reaching the ideal which he has been able to conceive, and thus tends to a progress beneficial to the whole.

WITH SOME BIRTHDAY ROSES DROCH

If I were not a speechless flower
I'd like to talk with you an hour
And whisper many pretty things
That thinking of your birthday brings.

(For flowers can dream of happiness
While you their velvet petals press !)

But I can't talk—I know a man
Who often vainly thinks he can—

And what he wanted me to do
Was simply to look fair to you
And wish you joy—and then surprise
The gentle look in your dear eyes.

Enter Three Lovers. *Song in which is told how The Three Sisters have appropriated the gifts sent to Beauty—**Chorus and dance—Three Sisters and Three Lovers.**

